

ALCIE'S POEMS

She had hundreds of poems
in manila envelopes with her
utility receipts
the day after the funeral
her family burned them all
in a backyard oil drum

I accidentally saved one
found in a book she borrowed
it marked page twenty-nine
and remains enough to make
her unforgettable
on days she might have been
erased completely

EMPLOYMENT 1937

Hard time boys went
to Oakland
got work in a foundry
others went to hell
Reverend Kildare told us
Driving taxi
in a Red Light District
was just that
no more no less